

## 11 ARE WOUNDED IN TRAIN CRASH ON BROOKLYN "L"

Four Women Ticket Agents  
Among Victims of Collision  
on Fifth Avenue.

FOG HIDES THE CARS.

Policeman Calms Panic and  
Guides Passengers Along  
Trestle to Station.

Four women ticket agents of the B. R. T. were out about the face and hands when the Fifth Avenue train in which they were passengers was bumped into by a West End train at the Twenty-fifth street station, at 7 o'clock this morning.

They were Anna Cronin, thirty years old, of No. 239 Fifty-eighth street; Mary A. Carlin, forty, of No. 120 Thirty-second street; Helen Donohue, forty, of No. 321 Fifty-sixth street; Anna Reich, thirty-five, of No. 259 Thirty-eighth street; and Inez Hanson, twenty-five, of No. 335 Nineteenth street.

Six men, also railroad employees, were hurt, one of them, Alfred Gill, twenty-five years old, of No. 1901 Lafayette street, Manhattan, badly enough to be taken to the Norwegian Hospital.

The collision was due to the heavy fog which prevented Motorman George Curran of the West End train from noticing the Fifth Avenue train slowing up at the station. The railroad employees were all in the rear car of the Fifth Avenue train.

The left side of the rear car of the Fifth Avenue train was ripped away and hung above the sidewalk. The forward trucks of the colliding car left the track and scraped against the platform.

Police Sergeant Jepson, who was on an incoming train, saw the collision and, hearing the shrieks of the frightened women, ran downstairs and sent in a hurry call for ambulances from the Norwegian and Seney Hospitals, and the reserves from two police stations.

Policeman James McCarthy of the Fourth Avenue station, Brooklyn, was on the wrecked train. Though his hands were badly cut by broken glass he jumped to the platform of the car and ordered the guard to keep the doors closed. Excited men and women were surging to the door and he feared they might be pushed off. When their nerves had been quieted down he helped the women get down on the edge of the tracks so they could walk back to the station.

During the traffic delay caused by the accident all the platforms of the line became crowded. On the Forty-sixth street station the congestion and excitement brought an attack of heart disease to J. H. Daly, sixty-five years old, of Eighty-fourth street and Twentieth Avenue, and he dropped dead.

The crowding was finally relieved by transferring passengers from the elevated to the surface lines. Trains were running with fair regularity an hour and a half after the accident.

## ROBBERS WRECK BRONX BUILDING WITH DYNAMITE

Contractor's Office Destroyed,  
but Safe and Money  
Remain Intact.

Unfamiliarity with the power of dynamite thwarted the ambitions of the burglars who at midnight attempted to blow open the safe of Mason & Hanger, the contractors who are building the aqueduct south of Van Cortlandt Park. The building is a complete wreck, but the police found this morning that the safe is intact and the money it contained and which the burglars sought was untouched. Valuable aqueduct plans were destroyed, but Supt. E. J. Johnson says the company has a duplicate set, and, although work will be delayed for a short time, no serious hindrance results from the dynamiting.

The police found a battery on the south side of the building. The burglars had entered the wooden structure, which stood in Van Cortlandt Park, near the golf links and a few hundred feet from O'Connell's Hotel, and placed the charge of dynamite near the safe and ran wires from the explosive to the outside of the building.

The terrible blast frightened the burglars away. Guests in the hotel were startled, awakened from their slumbers and rushed into the midnight air to find the cause for their rude awakening. Among the guests were Mrs. Preston Prof. William Friedman of Harvard, and Mrs. George Lawson, Dr. and Mrs. Specht and a number of golf players.

## FAIR'S FINE FEATHERS



THIS fall's costumes are a series of striking contrasts. For motoring, the leopard-skin coat is fast growing in popularity, and with a contrasting shawl collar and huge buttons of skunk and a snug little cap of leopard-skin and skunk to match, the picturesque effect is complete. It is simple, effective and charming.

In fact, simplicity is the keynote of all street costumes, as is shown in the walking costume on the extreme right, which portrays a gown and coat of pearl gray cloth and black velvet, trimmed with chinchilla fur and large collar of silver lace, against which the novelty of enamelled earrings and necklace to match is worthily displayed.

With hats it is quite different. They are covered to the very edge with various ornaments. This one is of black velvet, having a crown of chinchilla fur, at the base of which is a wreath of cerise roses, lending an admirable color note and resting lightly upon a brim of silver lace. Natural ostrich feathers shooting upward and slightly backward give this dainty chaparral a desired jaunty. The muff, of black velvet and chinchilla, and a moderate-sized wrist bag of this same fur complete the outfit.

For the opera the latest novelty is the bag and fan to match, and Monday night probably will show more daring color contrasts than have ever been seen within the portals of the Metropolitan. Aligrettes and pearls are always suitable on such occasions. And black and white still find favor in the eyes of the ultra-fashionable.

## MAGGIE PEPPER

The Romance of a New York Shopgirl  
Founded on the Rose Stahl Play of the Same Name

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.  
Joseph Holbrook, after a day's work in the great department store, returned to his home in the Bronx. He found his wife, Maggie, sitting at the table, looking at a letter. She was crying. He asked her what was the matter. She told him that she had just received a letter from a man named Jake. He was a stranger to her, but she felt that she knew him. She told him that she had been in love with him for a long time. She told him that she had been waiting for him to come back. She told him that she had been waiting for him to come back.

### CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

"HAT did I say?" he mused aloud. "Let me see. I knocked Hargen, that's one thing. I knocked Holbrook and that's another thing. I didn't leave a single button on his vest."

"Darn the man, Hattie! He got me going, and then he held me. I simply made me talk. I don't know how it was, but he did it. There was something about him that—Oh, well, what's the use? It's my finish, all right. He'll just about go down and tell Hargen, and then—yes, I can hear them making out my absence papers."

"And what makes me mad is, Hattie, I-I kind of liked him!" As she made the humiliating confession, the crimson flooded cheeks and brow, and her eyes fell.

Hattie, however, was now inclined to take a more optimistic view of the situation.

"I'm thinking he won't tell," she vouchsafed, with an air of conviction. "I guess from all I've heard, and from what I seen of him to-day, that he's a genuine sport. So be he is, he won't squeal."

The luncheon hour was come, and the two girls proceeded to make their repasts from the contents of the boxes they had brought.

In spite of the excitement that still agitated her, Maggie contrived to make an excellent meal, as demanded by her youth and perfect health. While they ate, the friends discussed Joseph from every viewpoint, and much of what they said might have caused the ears of that gentleman to tingle, could he have overheard. On the other hand, much that was not said would have given him more than compensation, for Maggie still told down in her heart the warmest words of her meeting with him. The knowledge of his identity shocked and confused her, for a time; but the feeling provoked by his personality remained unchanged—the stimulus to a new outlook on life. Ere the simple meal was ended, Hattie found herself wondering over the way in which Maggie had dreamed, and her eyes watching the cloud masses in the distant bit of sky, the rose tints in her cheeks burning a deeper hue, her red lips bending gently toward a smile. Hattie shook her head in token that the meaning of all this was beyond her comprehension, but some delicate feminine instinct warned her well, and she refrained from questioning.

When the luncheon was done the two resumed their work in silence. In Maggie's case, to silence had succeeded her well, and she refrained from questioning. When the luncheon was done the two resumed their work in silence. In Maggie's case, to silence had succeeded her well, and she refrained from questioning.

It's blackest when a diversion was observed by the appearance of Jake Roth-schild, who, in usual, chose forbidden hours for his visit.

Maggie regarded his approach with a disgust that she was at no pains to conceal from his object. "You talk to him, Hattie," she called out. "I simply can't stand him to-day."

Miss Murphy rose to the occasion with a bluntness and despatch that were admirable in their way. She pointed commandingly toward the elevator; her words were explicit:

"Get out!"

Jake, hating in some confusion, allowed himself the rare luxury of retort to an indignity:

"He said you was to talk vit me," he objected, his pronunciation suffering for an instant from cholera; "not insult me."

Maggie, repentant of her rudeness, intervened for his relief.

"I am not the one you wish to see," she explained. "You must hunt upon some dressmaker, whoever she is. She's the new buyer."

Jake's face lengthened. He shot forth his cuffs suddenly, and contemplated the splendid buttons with consternation. He was fond of Miss Pepper, and he simply made me talk. I don't know how it was, but he did it. There was something about him that—Oh, well, what's the use? It's my finish, all right. He'll just about go down and tell Hargen, and then—yes, I can hear them making out my absence papers."

"Oh, I see," he said at last. "You wasn't elected. What?"

"No," came the answer, in a tired voice; "I lost by one vote—the man—"

Under the impulse of sympathy, fortified by a lively hope of possible financial gains for himself, Jake approached the desk closely, and spoke in a confidential whisper:

"Never you mind, Miss Pepper. He added a wink for emphasis. "You and I can always do a little business on the side, you know. You can pick up a few hundred commission. What?"

The girl regarded the jobber with contempt.

"I take my commission from the house work for any other profits can go to the firm for all me."

"Now, that's the trouble with women," Jake protested, throwing out his hands in a gesture of depreciation.

"They mix business and them sentimental things. Pretty soon, they cut out the business and then they're nothing but their sentimentalities, doing."

"What?"

"Now, you just listen to me. Oh, what profit—something, I tell you!" He whipped a pocket-case from somewhere about his person, and thrust it open under the girl's face. "It's the chance of a lifetime," he breathed. "I've been waiting for that one under tremendous a sea. One hundred Paquin models! They!"



serred thus secretly. It was her own sister-in-law, who had been the wife of her one brother, now dead; a woman older than herself, more weak than vicious, yet a criminal by reason of the influences to which she had yielded.

After a few years of respectable married life, in which she had become the mother of one child, a girl, Ada had fallen victim to the charms of John Darkin, whose sole merit, if such it should be termed, was an exterior handsomeness of a flamboyant, baneful fashion. The man was thoroughly bad, and soon, partly by persuasion, chiefly by cruelty and threats of worse, he made his wife a thief. Mrs. Thatcher, in the course of her professional duties, had come to learn of Mrs. Darkin, and one was aware that the woman had already achieved an unsavory reputation with the police. Knowing her to be Maggie's sister-in-law, it was for the girl's sake that the detective now came to give a word of warning. "She's suspected by the police of a number of small jobs," Mrs. Thatcher added, "and to tell the truth, I'd ordered her away from our place, if it hadn't been for you."

Maggie's face hardened, swiftly. Her own misery to-day rendered her less charitable than her natural kindness of heart ordinarily directed her to be.

"Don't spare her on my account," she answered. "I'm much obliged to you of course, Mrs. Thatcher, for thinking of my feelings; but I just don't care what happens to her. She deserves all she'll get, whatever it may be. When my brother, Frank, died, she continued, with a sudden fierceness born from the memory of wrongs endured at this woman's hands, "after living two dreadful years of married life with her, I tried to do everything I could for her, just to get her out of my house. But now, because she was his wife. But now, Well, I'm through; that's the size of it. You know, I would have kept Frank's side, you know. You can pick up a few hundred commission. What?"

"Tell me: Was the little girl with her?"

"No, I don't think so," Mrs. Thatcher replied. "At least, I notice any child that seemed to belong with her. But you can't always tell."

The hardness had vanished from Maggie's face now, at thought of the girl whom she had loved as her own. When she spoke again, the soft resonance of her voice was touched with a wistfulness that moved the listener to sympathy.

"I get a headache when I let myself think of that poor little baby. Her tones grew deeper, as if in reverent wonder, as she went on. "Think of it, Mrs. Thatcher. I was that little child's mother—for five years. I brought her up, and, for five years she belonged to me; she was mine—mine, God! What's going to become of her with a mother like hers and with Jack Darkin for a father? Jack Darkin for a father! She hasn't anybody to guide her. There's nobody to care what becomes of her. And now she must be almost fifteen years old. She's almost grown up. What's going to become of her? It's awful for a young girl like that. And I was just wrapped up in her!" There were tears in the tender music of the voice now.

"I loved her so! She was something to go home to, something to live for!" The rush of emotion was too great. The girl checked herself abruptly, striving to regain her self-control.

Mrs. Thatcher patted the suffering girl's arm, reassuringly.

"There, there," she murmured, affectionately. "I know, dear."

"Frank was only a boy when he married her," Maggie went on, more quietly. "It just killed him. Her voice grew harsh. "She's our family Jonah, all right. Why, I get a cold shiver down my back every time I see her."

Such as hear her name mentioned, may, and to think of that baby! She was the cutest little thing. The girl's suddenly uplifted eyes were radiant through their mist of tears. "Just let me tell you what she did when she was only two years old."

And the older woman, smiling, bent to listen.

(To Be Continued.)

## WALL STREET.

Stocks were freely supplied at the outset of trading to-day, causing Steel, Union and Southern Pacific, Reading, Wabash preferred and Copper to sink about 1 point under their closing range of yesterday. The entire list was fractionally lower at the opening, and during the first hour the trend of prices was distinctly downward. Selling pressure abated somewhat at the beginning of the second hour, but losses still showed in all the leading features.

Failures of two bear houses in as many days, resulting in liquidation of speculative holdings, was a contributory reason for the weakness of stocks to-day.

Increased heaviness prevailed in the last half hour. Closing sales were near the lowest of the day. Steel and Union Pacific, the two weakest issues, lost about 1-1/2 points at the finish. Reading displayed a disposition to break away from the general reaction and closed unchanged.

Total sales of stocks for the session were 447,600 shares.

The Closing Prices.

Today's highest, lowest and last prices of stocks and of net changes as compared with yesterday's final figures are as follows:

Stock	High	Low	Last	Change
Am. Car & Ferry	105 1/2	105 1/4	105 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Can.	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Coal	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Cotton Oil	45 1/2	45 1/4	45 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Gas	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Ice	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Lumber	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Oil	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Paper	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Rubber	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Sugar	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Tea	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Tobacco	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Wool	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Zinc	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Iron	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Steel	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Copper	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Lead	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Tin	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Silver	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Gold	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Platinum	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Palladium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Iridium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Rhodium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Osmium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Selenium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Tellurium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Vanadium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Zirconium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Niobium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Manganese	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Chromium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Cobalt	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Nickel	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Cadmium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Barium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Strontium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Calcium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Magnesium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Potassium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Sodium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Lithium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Beryllium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Boron	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Carbon	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Nitrogen	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Oxygen	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Hydrogen	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Helium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Neon	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Argon	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Krypton	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Xenon	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Radium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Actinium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Thorium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Uranium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Plutonium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Americium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Curium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Berkelium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Californium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Einsteinium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Fermium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Mendelevium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Nobelium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Lawrencium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Rutherfordium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Dubnium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Seaborgium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Bohrium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Hassium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Meitnerium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Darmstadtium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Roentgenium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Copernicium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Dubnium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Seaborgium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Bohrium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Hassium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Meitnerium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Darmstadtium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Roentgenium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4
Am. Copernicium	115 1/2	115 1/4	115 1/4	+ 1/4

ACTIVE SECURITIES.

United States Steel 123,500 shares, Union Pacific 27,700 shares, Copper 2,700 shares, Lead 2,700 shares, Reading 115,300 shares, and St. Paul 15,500 shares.

## COOPER UNION STUDENT CHARGED WITH BURGLARY

Detectives Arrest Lad in Reading-Room, With Photograph as Clue.

Among the men and women bending over books in Cooper Union reading room last night was a well dressed youth of eighteen. Detectives Andrews and Flynn entered, looked carefully at the men, the room and then studied two photographs they carried.

"This is the one we want," said Andrews, and he tapped the youth on the shoulder. "You are John Golding of Philadelphia. I have a warrant for your arrest, charging burglary."

"I'm Golding," said the youth, "and I'm from Philadelphia, but I'll tip you off now that